

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

The Romance of History .....	705	The O'Briens and O'Flahertys ....	711	Private Letter from Paris .....	714	Weber on the Performance of {	716
Anecdotes of Painting .....	707	Vittoria Colonna .....	713	Italian Poetry, No. III. ....	715	Dramatic Song .....	717
Whims and Oddities .....	708	Newtonian System .....	713	To Hesperus .....	715	A Welcome to Miss Hughes .....	717
Syer on Insanity .....	709	Vicissitudes in the Life of a Scot- } 714		FINE ARTS: Passes of the Alps ..	716	Varieties .....	717
Tale of a Modern Genius .....	710	tish Soldier .....		Lithography .....	716	To Correspondents, &c. ....	717

No. 443.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1827.

Price 8d.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Romance of History—England.* By HENRY NEELE. 3 vols. crown 8vo. London, 1827. Bull.

WE received this work with very agreeable anticipations, and they have been fully realized. Having secured to himself, as a poet, a reputation at once permanent and respectable, Mr. Neele has acted wisely, in turning into a new and important path, secure from any thing like formidable competition, and well calculated to crown his labours with ample and honourable reward. He has thus evidenced a versatility of talent, which cannot fail to procure him fresh and abundant laurels, and which will, we trust, stimulate him to a continuance of those researches of which these volumes are the first and welcome fruits. At a period when such vast and frequent harvests have been, and continue to be, reaped from all the various fields of literature, it is, perhaps, somewhat remarkable that no one should have anticipated the precise plan of the work before us; but it is our honest conviction, that none could have executed it more ably than the writer for whom it was reserved.

We are aware of no medium of instruction more delightful, or more deserving of the most extensive encouragement than that which is adopted in the work to which we now direct the attention of our readers.

Mr. Neele's object, on the present occasion, is to illustrate the romantic annals of England, from the Norman conquest to the Revolution; and facts in English history supply the foundations of all the tales. The author informs us, that he has called in the aid of fiction, without falsifying any historical event; and we can safely bear testimony to the truth of the assertion, that 'where he has wandered farthest from strict fact, he has yet endeavoured to be true to the spirit and manners of the age in which the scene is laid.' It is necessary to state, that the reign of every sovereign is illustrated by at least one tale, and an historical summary of the leading events of each reign is prefixed to the tale which refers to it. We have selected the Pennon of St. George as a specimen of the contents of these volumes, rather on account of its brevity, than as possessing superior interest, and intend to resume our notice of the work at the earliest opportunity:—

In the year 1380, when the crown of England was worn by Richard the Second, and that of Portugal by Ferdinand the First, the latter monarch had involved himself in a war with the King of Castile, in which he succeeded so ill, that, instead of making conquests upon his enemy, he had drawn him into his own dominions. He immediately applied for assistance

to England, and although that nation was already sufficiently troubled both by foreign and intestine broils, the Duke of Lancaster, who swayed the realm during the minority of the king, and who himself laid claim to the crown of Castile, by reason of his marriage with Constantia, the daughter of Peter the Cruel, was in hopes, that by sending troops into Portugal, they might be serviceable in promoting his own affairs. With this view, after the parliament had approved of the intended expedition, and granted a supply to carry it on, he caused the chief command to be given to his brother the Duke of Cambridge.

The Duke of Cambridge and his army, composed of English and Gascons, remained for a considerable time with the King of Portugal at Lisbon. The news of their arrival was of itself sufficient to cause the Castilians to retreat.

One of the most renowned knights in the army of the Duke of Cambridge, both for valour and courtesy, was Sir John Sounder, an illegitimate son of Edward the Black Prince. This knight had already greatly distinguished himself in the wars in France, Flanders, and Spain, and now burned with desire to add to his laurels. He was, therefore, somewhat annoyed at the state of inaction in which the English army remained at Lisbon, although he stood high in the favour both of the king and the duke, and both princes took every opportunity of testifying the sense which they entertained of his merits. Circumstances, however, soon occurred, which rendered his residence at Lisbon less irksome to Sir John Sounder than it had been, and made him look forward with uneasiness to the period at which it was to terminate.

In the palace of the King of Portugal, and in attendance upon the queen, resided the Lady Isabella de Medina, a beautiful and accomplished maiden, who was distantly related to the royal family, and who formed one of the principal attractions of the court. This lady had been contracted, much against her inclination, to Don Guzman, the brother of the King of Castile, and the war which soon afterwards broke out between that monarch and her own sovereign, was hailed by her as the happy means of her deliverance from this detested union. Sir John Sounder, young, gallant, and amorous, no sooner beheld the Lady Isabella than he became deeply fascinated with her charms. Her participation in the royal blood of Portugal rendered it little less than madness in the English knight to foster the passion which he felt for her. Illustrious as the arms upon his shield denoted him to be, yet the bar of bastardy there presented what appeared to be an insuperable obstacle to the completion of his happiness. He, however, had the satisfaction to perceive, that Isabella did not regard him with indifference, and that his society seemed to be more than ordinarily acceptable to her. It was a long time before he found any opportunity for a private interview with her, but that opportunity at length occurred. He then disclosed to her the secret of his passion, and re-

ceived with rapture a declaration from her lips, that she returned it with an ardour equal to his own.

Their interviews now became frequent, although, from prudential motives, they kept them as secret as possible from the rest of the household. The heart of the English knight beat with rapture, and his whole thoughts were turned to the project of effecting his mistress's escape from the palace, and solemnizing their nuptials;—till at length the knight is summoned to join his comrades in the field against the Castilians; and the lovers, after exchanging vows of mutual fidelity, are compelled to separate.

Days, and weeks, and months rolled on, but neither Sir John Sounder nor any intelligence of him reached Lisbon. The war, which it was expected would have been prosecuted with the utmost vigour, languished in an unaccountable manner. It was suspected that the King of Portugal held secret intelligence with the enemy, and the English and Gascon army remained, by his express command, totally inactive, at their quarters in Estremoure and Besiousse, and were expressly prohibited from making any attack upon the Castilians. The King of Portugal, moreover, neglected to furnish his allies with the stipulated pay and provisions, so that their camp resounded with expressions of anger and discontent. At length, however, intelligence arrived at Lisbon, that the English, becoming weary of their quiescent situation, had, notwithstanding the king's commands, attacked and beaten the Castilians in several desperate skirmishes; had taken from them the castle of Figbiere, and even menaced the city of Seville, in which the King of Castile had fixed his head-quarters. In one of these skirmishes, however, a small band of English had been surrounded by a very superior force, and either cut to pieces or carried prisoners into Seville. Sir John Sounder was engaged in this encounter, but no certain intelligence could be gained respecting his fate. He had been seen in the thickest of the fight, performing prodigies of valour, and it was considered but too probable that he had fallen to rise no more. When the lapse of time, without bringing any information as to his fate, had, in the opinion of all, converted this probability into a certainty, Isabella saw no longer any necessity for keeping her secret, and revealed to the king and the household the passion which she had entertained for the unfortunate English knight. The monarch chid and pardoned her in the same breath, telling her that he scarcely knew how to lament the death even of so famous a knight, since it had probably saved the royal race of Portugal from degradation and dishonour. He then added, that her future welfare had long occupied his thoughts, and that he had at length fixed upon a bridegroom who was her equal in birth.

"Alas! my liege," she exclaimed, "talk not to me of nuptials, and of bridegrooms—I have no heart to bestow; it is buried in the grave of the gallant knight of England."



"Girl," said the king sternly, "talk not thus. Thou art the first of thy race who ever dreamed of corrupting the pure stream in thy veins by mingling it with baser blood; the first too, male or female, who ever made effeminate wailing for the dead, however beloved or however famous."

"I mourn not for the ignoble and the plebeian," she replied; "I mourn for the gallant son of the most renowned prince in Christendom."

"Child," said the monarch, "England may well be proud of the fame and memory of Sir John Sounder. Had his mother's descent been as illustrious as his sire's, his claim to thy hand should have been preferred to all competitors. But for my sake, and for thy country's, as well as for thy own, thou must let him sleep forgotten in his grave. The wounds of Portugal must be healed—the discords of Castile must be appeased—the English, who now overrun the country to distress and ravage both nations, must return to their island. To-morrow Don Guzman of Castile will be here, to conclude a treaty between his kingly brother and myself, and to crave an interview with thee for the purpose of renewing that nuptial treaty which the war between the two kingdoms, now so happily about to terminate, has so long interrupted. Treat him as his worth and dignity deserve, and as you value your place in my favour."

As the king left her apartment, Isabella renewed her vows of eternal fidelity to Sir John Sounder, be he living or be he dead. The next day the Prince of Castile sought and obtained the interview which he desired. He was young, handsome, accomplished, and Isabella could not hate him. A second interview took place, and she thought, that had she never known Sir John Sounder, she might possibly have loved him. This was followed quickly by a third, and she remembered that the English knight was dead, and that the Castilian prince was living. Pressed by the importunities of her lover, impelled by the commands of the king, and forbidden but feebly, if at all, by the dictates of her own heart, she at length gave her consent to the proposed arrangement, and a day was fixed for the celebration of her nuptials with Don Guzman of Castile.

In the mean time the news of the treaty between the Kings of Castile and Portugal reached that part of the English army, about a thousand in number, which was encamped at Besiouse, and was received there with the utmost indignation and surprise. Their pay had been for a long time in arrear, and no notification had been made to them of the negotiations between the kings. At first they were disposed to disbelieve the intelligence, but the arrival of orders to release their prisoners, and the return of such of their own countrymen as had been captured by the enemy, soon confirmed it. Among the latter was Sir John Sounder, who was received with a shout of exultation and wonder by his comrades, they having mourned for him as one numbered with the dead.

"Gallant knights," he said, "this news concerns us all, but me especially; the ingrate King of Portugal would sacrifice my affianced bride on the altar of his treachery. One decisive step would restore us all to our rights."

"Name it, name it! noble Sounder," exclaimed his comrades.

"The city of Lisbon," he said, "is now unguarded and reposing in security, relying on this dishonourable peace for immunity alike from its enemies and its allies. The marriage between the Lady Isabella and Don Guzman is

to take place three days hence, and unless that accursed event be prevented, we shall be expelled by the joint forces of the kings from the soil, and forced to return to England dishonoured and unrewarded. We are here, five hundred archers and as many spears. Gallants of England and Gascony, what hinders us marching on Lisbon?—we shall reach it by nightfall on the day of the intended nuptials. Myself will penetrate disguised into the palace, while you prepare to force the city gates when you hear my bugle sound. Said I well, gallants, said I well?"

A murmur of unanimous acquiescence and applause followed the interrogatory with which the knight concluded his address.

"Form then," he added, "a strict union among yourselves; hoist the pennon of St. George, and declare yourselves friends to God, and enemies to all the world; for if we make not ourselves feared, we shall not have any thing."

"By my faith!" said Sir William Helmon, "ye say well, and we will do it."

The pennon of St. George was then hoisted amidst deafening acclamations. The soldiers crowded around the national standard, uttering shouts of exultation and defiance. "A Sounder! a Sounder!" they exclaimed; "friends to God, and enemies to all mankind!"

In the mean time, great and splendid were the preparations which were made at Lisbon to celebrate the nuptials of the Lady Isabella and Don Guzman. On the appointed evening, all the apartments of the palace were one blaze of splendour and magnificence. The tables groaned beneath the weight of the rarest wines and the most delicious viands, and all the rich and noble of the kingdom were assembled under the royal roof. In the principal saloon were gathered together the monarch, the bride and bridegroom, the prelate who was to perform the nuptial ceremony, and the more distinguished of the guests. Here the song and the dance delighted the ears and employed the limbs of all. A celebrated poet and minstrel was present, who charmed his auditors by the exquisite manner in which he sang and accompanied himself on the harp; both song and tune being of his own composition. \* \* \*

The applause which succeeded the poet's song was astounding, and the company of both sexes were standing up to comply with the mandate at its conclusion, when a stern solemn voice at the other end of the room warbled the following lines to the same tune:—

"Sir knight, couch thy lance, to humble the pride  
Of the treacherous bridegroom and fair false bride;  
Holy friar, I crave of thee  
Thy curse upon falsehood and perjury;  
Forester, truth to the woodlands is fled,  
Here fraud and inconstancy dwell instead;  
Haste all from the bridal, haste away,  
Ere the rebeck is tuned to a sterner lay."

The consternation which this unexpected incident occasioned was indescribable. All heard the voice, but none could tell whence it proceeded. The company, in general, split into little parties, and each was inquiring of his neighbour what each was anxious to learn of him. The bride turned pale as death, the bridegroom red as fire; and the king was engaged in anxious whispering with those around him. At length Don Guzman, shaking off the stupor which his surprise had occasioned, stood up and said, "Let him, whosoever he may be, who, contrary to the laws of courtesy and honour, has disturbed the peace of this fair meeting, come forward, if he dare, and meet the vengeance of Guzman of Castile."

"That dare I," said a voice from the quarter of the room whence the interruption had proceeded.

A tall thin figure approached, enveloped in a black cloak. The cloak was quickly thrown aside, and exhibited the features of Sir John Sounder.

An expression of surprise burst from a hundred voices. The bride hid her face in her hands, and sunk into the arms of her attendants; the bridegroom drew his sword, but his hand seemed paralysed with wonder, while the king gazed on in astonishment, and advanced towards the English knight with looks in which surprise and displeasure were blended.

"Don Guzman of Castile," said Sounder, "I am here to defy thee with life and limb."

The Castilian's hand grasped his sword, and he advanced towards the English knight. "Beware! malapert bastard," he said,—"beware how you provoke the wrath of Guzman of Castile."

"I fear naught! I will beware of naught but infamy and dishonour," retorted the knight. "I claim the hand and heart of this fair maiden, plighted to me by a thousand sacred vows, confirmed by a thousand chaste embraces, and remembered by at least one constant heart, amidst battle and amidst sickness, in famine and in captivity, in suffering and in solitude, and here!"

"Patience! patience! good Sir John," said the king, "and listen to me. The Lady Isabella is the affianced bride of Don Guzman. You colours," he added, pointing to the other end of the apartment, where the banners of Portugal and Castile waved together, "which have so long flouted each other in the hostile field, are now unfurled in amity, and this union will cement still more firmly the auspicious peace which has just been concluded!"

"Perish that inglorious peace!" said Sir John Sounder; "and Heaven forbid that so unholy an union should take place. At least, O king! the rights of English knights and warriors must be respected, let yonder banners be twined together as closely as ye please."

"Speak reverently of the banners, haughty Englishman," said Don Guzman, "or tell me what standard dare be unfurled in opposition to them?"

"The pennon of St. George!" said the knight, in a voice like thunder. Then stamping violently on the floor, he drew a bugle from his bosom, and blew a note with which the palace reverberated. This note was soon echoed from without. The clash of sabres and the trampling of horses were then heard, followed by a shout of "A Sounder! a Sounder!" the pennon of St. George! and immediately afterwards the gates of the palace were burst open, and a body of armed men, over whose head floated the English banner, forced themselves into the royal presence.

"Ha!" said the king, as he recognised the English knights and commanders among these intruders, "what means this?"

"Sire," said Sir William Helmon, "public and private grievances have alike compelled us to intrude, somewhat perhaps unwelcomely into your majesty's presence. Since our arrival in this country we have had neither loan nor payment from you,—whoever wishes to obtain the love and service of men at arms must pay them better than you have hitherto done, the neglect of which we have sometime taken to heart; for we know not on whom we depend, and have thrown the blame, as it turns out, most unjustly on our leader, the princely Duke



of Cambridge. Now know for a truth, that we will be paid our full pay; and if you will not pay us, we must pay ourselves from your country."

"The blunt bearing of the English captain seemed to disconcert the monarch not a little. "It is but just, sir knight," he said, after a moment's silent reflection, "that you should be paid; but you have displeased me by making excursions against the Castilians contrary to my orders, and at a moment that I was endeavouring to bring about a peace with them. Within fifteen days at least, however, ye shall be fully satisfied. My royal truth and honour do I pledge thereto."

"But, sire," continued Sir William Helmon, "Englishmen in arms cannot be insensible to the grievances endured by a gallant comrade, and the durance and violence in which a fair damsel is held. Sir Guzman of Castile, we entered this land your enemies; but we expected to encounter a generous and chivalrous foe; not one who wars upon the affections of fair damsels, and lends himself to the infraction of holy plighted vows."

"Nor shall your expectations be disappointed, sir knight," said Don Guzman. "If this fair lady's hand be not bestowed upon me as freely as the winds of Heaven breathe their blessings on the rose, I renounce it, and Heaven prosper the more fortunate knight upon whom it shall be so bestowed."

"A murmur of applause burst from the lips of all. The king looked uneasy and displeased, but seemed unwilling to be outstripped in the race of generosity and courtesy. "Speak, Isabella!" he said; "it is for thee to make thy choice between the brother of the Castilian king and a wandering English knight, who has risen this day from the grave to disturb the evening's festivities."

"Then here does my choice rest," said the lady, rushing into Sir John Sounder's arms. "Pardon, gallant knight, my fickleness; but I thought that thou wert dead, and importunities and commands were not spared to force me into an union with thy rival."

"Now Heaven's blessing reward thee! sweet Isabella," said the knight, kissing the fair forehead of the lady. "Return, return, to these arms, dearer to this heart than ever."

"Princes, and lords, and knights," said Sir William Helmon, "then our purpose in making this evening's visit is accomplished. Sir John Sounder, hasten with us to present your fair bride to our prince, and let Portugal and Castile and Europe know, that insult and injury must not be offered with impunity to those who fight under the pennon of St. George."

"Thus saying, the Englishman left the astounded monarch. Their pay was punctually received at the period stipulated; and then, seeing no chance of being able to disturb the peace concluded between Castile and Portugal, they returned to England, where Sir John Sounder presented his fair bride at court, where she was received into great favour by the king, and his newly-married queen, Anne, the sister of the Emperor Wenceslaus."

This spirited narrative (some few of whose fair proportions we have been compelled to curtail,) will clearly indicate the author's fitness for the task he has undertaken. "The pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," find in him no unworthy chronicler; and the chivalric bearing of our ancestors, whether in beauty's bower, or in the tented field, is delineated with fidelity and skill.

*Anecdotes of Painting in England; with some Account of the principal Artists; and incidental Notes on other Arts; collected by the late Mr. GEORGE VERTUE; digested and published from his original MSS. By the HON. HORACE WALPOLE; to which is added, the History of the modern Taste in Gardening. With considerable Additions. By the REV. JAMES DALLAWAY. Vol. IV. London, 1827. Major.*

HAVING, in our copious reviews of the three preceding volumes of this valuable work, expressed the most unqualified admiration of the combined efforts of those principally engaged in it, we shall, on the present occasion, proceed at once to a statement of the peculiar attractions of the volume now on our table. The illustrative portraits are as numerous, and not in any respect less excellent, than those which have already excited such general admiration. The first is a striking and beautifully-executed portrait of the Honourable Anne Seymour Damer, (drawn by H. Corbould, and engraved by Thomson,) from a bust executed in marble by herself, in the collection of the late Payne Knight, and bequeathed by him to the British Museum. Of this ingenious lady, (to whom Mr. Walpole bequeathed his villa at Strawberry Hill, and its rare contents,) it is stated that, since the year 1780, she has produced several specimens of sculpture, both in marble and terra-cotta, progressively increasing in number and excellence. She first acquired the elements of the art from Ceracci, and afterwards perfected herself in the practical part, in the studio of the elder Bacon. Her portrait, as we behold it here, is a noble Grecian-looking head, firm, spirited, and intellectual in the extreme. Not in vain can its possessor have sought inspiration among the breathing marbles of the olden masters,—and not unworthy is she of immortalizing the brave, and the beautiful, and the patriotic of our own days. Of the sculptures and models of this lady, the editor has been enabled to insert an accurate list, consisting of twenty-eight subjects, among which we find, No. 7, bust of C. J. Fox, in marble, presented in person to Napoleon, in 1815; No. 10, bust, heroic size, of Lord Nelson, presented to the City of London; No. 17, Lady Viscountess Melbourne, bust in marble; No. 18, Lady Elizabeth Forster, (afterwards Duchess Dowager of Devonshire;) No. 26, the late Queen Caroline, bust in terra-cotta; and No. 28, bust of Lord Nelson, model for a cast in bronze, sent as a present to the King of Tanjore. This list of Mrs. Damer's performances was presented to Mr. Dallaway, by her relative, Sir Alexander Johnston, late president of his Majesty's Council in the Island of Ceylon:—

"The King of Tanjore, a Hindoo sovereign of great power and influence in the south of Asia, had discovered to Sir Alexander, in various communications with him, an ardent desire to disseminate among his court, a knowledge and love of the arts, as practised in Europe. This circumstance having been made known to Mrs. Damer, she completed a bust of Nelson (the last mentioned) for the acceptance of the royal amateur, and which Sir Alexander presented to him.

"It would be a subject of proud congratulation to Mrs. Damer, if this able specimen of her singular talent should first tend to disseminate through that remote nation a desire of acquiring statuary by British artists, and an eventual imitation of it."

The literary contents of this volume relate to painters, architects, and other artists, in the reign of George I.; to painters in enamel and miniature, statuary, medallists, and architects in the reign of George II.; the History of Modern Gardening follows these, and to this are added, Supplementary Anecdotes of Gardening in England, by the editor. From the first of these departments, we select, as the conclusion of our present notice, an interesting account of—

"MICHAEL DAHL,  
[Born 1656, Died 1748,]

was born at Stockholm, and received some instructions from Ernstæen Klocke, an esteemed artist in that country and painter to the crown, who, in the early part of his life, had been in England. At the age of twenty-two, Dahl was brought over by Mr. Pouters, a merchant, who, five years afterwards, introduced Boit, from the same country. After a year's residence here, Dahl continued his travels in search of improvement, staid about a year at Paris, and bestowed about three more on the principal cities in Italy. At Rome, he painted the portrait of P. F. Garroli, a sculptor and architect, under whom Gibbs studied for some time. But it was more flattering to Dahl to be employed by one that had been his sovereign,—the famous Queen Christina. As he worked on her picture, she asked what he intended she should hold in her hand? He replied, a fan. Her majesty, whose ejaculations were rarely delicate, vented a very gross one, and added, "a fan! give me a lion; that is fitter for the Queen of Sweden." I repeat this, without any intention of approving it. It was a pedantic affectation of spirit in a woman who had quitted a crown to ramble over Europe in a motley kind of masculine masquerade, assuming a right of assassinating her gallants, as if tyranny as well as the priesthood were an indelible character, and throwing herself for protection into the bosom of a church she laughed at, for the comfortable enjoyment of talking indecently with learned men, and of living so with any other men. Contemptible in her ambition, by abandoning the happiest opportunity of performing great and good actions, to hunt for venal praises from those parasites, the literati, she attained, or deserved to attain, that sole renown which necessarily accompanies great crimes or great follies in persons of superior rank. Her letters discover no genius or parts, and do not even wear that now trite mantle of the learned, the affectation of philosophy. Her womanish passions and anger display themselves without reserve, and she is ever mistaking herself for a queen, after having done every thing she could to relinquish and disgrace the character.

"Dahl returned to England in 1688, where he found Sir Godfrey Kneller rising to the head of the profession, and where he had yet merit enough to distinguish himself as no mean competitor. His colouring was good, and attempting nothing beyond portraits, he has certainly left many valuable pictures, especially as he did not neglect every thing but the head like Kneller, and drew the rest of the figure much better than Richardson. Some of Dahl's works are worthy of Riley. The large equestrian picture



of his sovereign, Charles the Eleventh, at Windsor, has much merit, and in the gallery of admirals, at Hampton Court, he suffers but little from the superiority of Sir Godfrey. In my mother's picture, at Houghton, there is great grace, though it was not his most common excellence. At Petworth are several whole-lengths of ladies by him, extremely well coloured. The more universal talents of Kneeller, and his assuming presumption, carried away the crowd from the modest and silent Dahl, yet they seem to have been amicable rivals, Sir Godfrey having drawn his portrait. He did another for himself, but Vertue owns that Sir Godfrey deserved the preference for likeness, grace, and colouring. Queen Anne sat to him, and Prince George was much his patron.

'Virtuous and esteemed, easy in his circumstances, and fortunate in his health, Dahl reached the long term of eighty-seven years, and dying October 20, 1743, was buried in St James's Church. He left two daughters, and, about three years before, lost his only son, who was a very inferior painter, called the younger Dahl, but of whose life I find no particulars among Vertue's collections.'

*Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse; with Forty Original Designs.* By THOMAS HOOD. Second Series. 8vo. pp. 150. London, 1827. C. Tilt.

FULL of infinite fun, and of humour which appears to be inexhaustible,—and the most perfect master of ludicrous combinations that ever existed.—Mr. Hood is, moreover, a most versatile, and very obliging being. Certain fastidious critics, who view as a mortal sin, or moral impossibility, the power to produce either smiles or tears, as the magician wills, having discovered that this power does not belong to Mr. Hood, and having, at the same time, earnestly recommended him to do that work only which he has been accustomed to do so well, he condescendingly comes forward with this second series of *Whims and Oddities*. Having, according to these gentlemen, failed egregiously in the plea which he put forth at Midsummer, he kindly resolves to be our welcome and mirth-dispensing companion at this duller and less poetical season. We, and men like us, who are rather of the saturnine order, and have a natural dread of those self-destroying propensities, of which this vile eleventh month is proverbially provocative, ought to be eternally grateful to Mr. Hood, for choosing the present period for scattering abroad his irresistible quips and cranks. He thus holds forth an admirable example; and henceforth every witty and benevolent spirit (and how rarely are real humour and benevolence disunited,) will hold itself bound to secure us in the sunshine of its wit, an antidote against the poisonous influence of November skies.

The volume is composed of thirty articles, in prose and verse; some excelling their companions, but none unworthy of their predecessors of the former series.

Mr. Hood observes, in his preface, 'I have done my best innocently to imitate a practice that prevails abroad in duelling—I mean, that of the seconds giving satisfaction;' and he has succeeded.

The *Progress of Art*, which may be considered as a continuation of Mr. Hood's

celebrated *Retrospective Review*, is the first quotation in which we shall indulge.

- 'O happy time!—Art's early days!  
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,  
Narcissus-like I hung!  
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,  
And such old masters all were deem'd  
As nothing to the young!
- 'Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,  
So easily and swift I drew,  
Suffic'd for my design;  
My sketchy superficial hand,  
Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd  
A surface with a line.
- 'Not long my eye was thus content,  
But grew more critical—my bent  
Essay'd a higher walk!  
I copied leaden eyes in lead—  
Rheumatic hands in white and red,  
And gouty feet—in chalk.
- 'Anon my studious art for days  
Kept making faces—happy phrase,  
For faces such as mine!  
Accomplish'd in the details then,  
I left the minor parts of men,  
And drew the form divine.
- 'Old gods and heroes—Trojan—Greek,  
Figures—long after the antique,  
Great Ajax justly fear'd;  
Hectors of whom at night I dreamt,  
And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt  
Bird-nesters to his beard.
- 'A Bacchus leering on a bowl,  
A Pallas that out-stared her owl,  
A Vulcan—very lame;  
A Dian stuck about with stars,  
With my right hand I murder'd Mars—  
(One Williams did the same)
- 'But tir'd of this dry work at last,  
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,  
And gave my brush a drink!  
Dipping—"as when a painter dips  
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"—  
That is—in Indian ink.
- 'Oh then, what black Mont Blanc arose,  
Crested with soot, and not with snows;  
What clouds of dingy hue!  
In spite of what the bard has penn'd,  
I fear the distance did not "lend  
Enchantment to the view."
- 'Not Radcliffe's brush did e'er design  
Black forests half so black as mine,  
Or lakes so like a pall;  
The Chinese cake dispers'd a ray  
Of darkness, like the light of Day  
And Martin over all.
- 'Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,  
I gaz'd on all with right good will,  
And spread the dingy tint;  
"No holy Luke helped me to paint,  
The devil surely, not a saint,  
Had any finger in't!"
- 'But colours came!—like morning light,  
With gorgeous hues displacing night,  
Or spring's enliven'd scene:  
At once the sable shades withdrew;  
My skies got very, very blue;  
My trees extremely green.
- 'And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,  
How beauty's cheek began to blush;  
With locks of auburn stain—  
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,  
That made her loveliest of the fair;  
Not "loveliest of the plain!"
- 'Her lips were of vermillion hue;  
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,

Set all my heart in flame!—

A young Pygmalion, I ador'd  
The maids I made—but time was stor'd  
With evil—and it came!

'Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw  
My houses stand against its law;  
And "keeping" all unkept!  
My beauties were no longer things  
For love and fond imaginings;  
But horrors to be wept!

'Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?  
Why did I get more artist-wise?  
It only serves to hint,  
What grave defects and wants are mine;  
That I'm no Hilton in design—  
In nature no Dewint!

'Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!  
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,  
Narcissus-like I hung!  
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,  
And such old masters all were deem'd  
As nothing to the young!

There is a deal of natural feeling and pathetic playfulness about the following specimen of the prose portion of the volume:—

'*Sally Holt, and the Death of John Hayloft.*  
—Four times in the year—twice at the season of the half-yearly dividends, and twice at the intermediate quarters, to make her slender investments—there calls at my Aunt Shakerly's, a very plain, very demure maiden, about forty, and makes her way downward to the kitchen, or upward to my cousin's chamber, as may happen. Her coming is not to do char-work or needle-work—to tell fortunes—to beg, steal, or borrow. She does not come for old clothes, or for new. Her simple errand is love—pure, strong, disinterested, enduring love, passing the love of women—at least for women.

'I think it is not often servitude begets much kindness between two relations; her's, however, grew from that ungenial soil. For the whole family of the Shakerly's she has a strong feudal attachment, but her particular regard dwells with Charlotte, the latest born of the clan. *Her* she doats upon—*her* she fondles—and takes upon her longing lovely lap.

'O let not the oblivious attentions of the worthy Dominie Sampson, to the tall boy Bertram, be called an unnatural working! I have seen my cousin, a good feeder, and well grown into womanhood, sitting—two good heads taller than her dry-nurse—on the knees of the simple-hearted Sally Holt! I have seen the huge presentation orange, unlap'd from the homely speckled kerchief, and thrust with importunate tenderness into the bashful marriageable hand.

'My cousin's heart is not so artificially composed, as to let her scorn this humble affection, though she is puzzled sometimes with what kind of look to receive these honest but awkward endearments. I have seen her face quivering with half a laugh.

'It is one of Sally's staple hopes that, some day or other, when Miss Charlotte keeps house, she will live with her as a servant; and this expectation makes her particular and earnest to a fault in her inquiries about sweethearts, and offers, and the matrimonial chances: questions which I have seen my cousin listen to with half a cry.

'Perhaps Sally looks upon this confidence as her right, in return for those secrets which, by joint force of ignorance and affection, she could not help reposing in the bosom of her foster-mistress. Nature, unkind to her, as to Dogberry, denied to her that knowledge of reading



and writing which comes to some by instinct. A strong principle of religion made it a darling point with her to learn to read, that she might study in her Bible: but in spite of all the help of my cousin, and as ardent a desire for learning as ever dwelt in scholar, poor Sally never mastered beyond A-B-ab. Her mind, simple as her heart, was unequal to any more difficult combinations. Writing was worse to her than conjuring. My cousin was her amanuensis: and from the vague unaccountable mistrust of ignorance, the inditer took the pains always to compare the verbal message with the transcript, by counting the number of the words.

'I would give up all the tender epistles of Mrs. Arthur Brooke, to have read one of Sally's epistles: but they were amatory, and therefore kept sacred; for, plain as she was, Sally Holt had a lover.

'There is an unpretending plainness in some faces that has its charm—an unaffected ugliness, a thousand times more bewitching than those would-be pretty looks that neither satisfy the critical sense, nor leave the matter of beauty at once to the imagination. We like better to make a new face than to mend an old one. Sally had not one good feature, except those which John Hayloft made for her in his dreams; and to judge from one token, her partial fancy was equally answerable for his charms. One precious lock—no, not a lock, but rather a remnant of very short, very coarse, very yellow hair, the clippings of a military crop, for John was a corporal—stood the foremost item amongst her treasures. To her they were curls, golden, Hyperian, and cherished long after the parent-head was laid low, with many more, on the bloody plain of Salamanca.

'I remember vividly at this moment the ecstasy of her grief at the receipt of the fatal news. She was standing near the dresser with a dish, just cleaned, in her dexter hand. Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have dropped the dish. Many would have flung themselves after it on the floor; but Sally put it up, orderly, on the shelf. The fall of John Hayloft could not induce the fall of the crockery. She felt the blow notwithstanding; and as soon as she had emptied her hands, began to give way to her emotions in her own manner. Affliction vents itself in various modes, with different temperaments: some rage, others compose themselves like monuments. Some weep, some sleep, some prose about death, and others poetize on it. Many take to a bottle, or to a rope. Some go to Margate, or Bath.

'Sally did nothing of these kinds. She neither snivelled, travelled, sickened, maddened, nor ranted, nor canted, nor hung, nor fuddled herself—she only rocked herself upon the kitchen chair!!

'The action was not adequate to her relief. She got up—took a fresh chair—then another—and another—and another,—till she had rocked on all the chairs in the kitchen.

'The thing was tickling to both sympathies. It was pathological to behold her grief, but ludicrous that she knew no better how to grieve.

'An American might have thought that she was in the act of enjoyment, but for an intermitting O dear! O dear! Passion could not wring more from her, in the way of exclamation, than the tooth-ache. Her lamentations were always the same, even in tone. By and by, she pulled out the hair—the cropped, yellow, stunted, scrubby hair; then she fell to rocking—then O dear! O dear!—and then Da Capo.

'It was an odd sort of elegy, and yet, sim-

ple as it was, I thought it worth a thousand of Lord Littleton's!

'“Heyday, Sally! what is the matter?” was a very natural inquiry from my aunt, when she came down into the kitchen; and if she did not make it with her tongue, at least it was asked very intelligibly by her eyes. Now Sally had but one way of addressing her mistress, and she used it here. It was the same with which she would have asked for a holiday, except that the waters stood in her eyes.

'“If you please, ma'am,” said she, rising up from her chair, and dropping her old curtesy, “if you please, ma'am, it's John Hayloft is dead;” and then she began rocking again, as if grief was a baby that wanted jogging to sleep.

'My aunt was posed. She would fain have comforted the mourner, but her mode of grieving was so out of the common way, that she did not know how to begin. To the violent she might have brought soothing; to the desponding, texts of patience and resignation; to the hysterical, sal volatile; she might have asked the sentimental for the story of her woes. A good scolding is useful with some sluggish griefs:—in some cases a cordial. In others—a job.

'If Sally had only screamed, or bellowed, or fainted, or gone stupified, or raved, or said a collect, or moped about, it would have been easy to deal with her. But with a woman that only rocked on her chair—

'What the devil could my aunt do?—

'Why, nothing;—and she did it as well as she could.'

The Wee Man, a romance, though half our acquaintance have it by heart already, cannot be refused a place among our quotations:—

'It was a merry company,  
And they were just afloat,  
When lo! a man of dwarfish span,  
Came up and hail'd the boat.

'“Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,  
And will you let me in?—  
A slender space will serve my case,  
For I am small and thin.”

'They saw he was a dwarfish man,  
And very small and thin;  
Not seven such would matter much,  
And so they took him in.

'They laugh'd to see his little hat,  
With such a narrow brim;  
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat,  
With skirts so scant and trim.

'But barely had they gone a mile,  
When, gravely, one and all,  
At once began to think the man  
Was not so very small.

'His coat had got a broader skirt,  
His hat a broader brim,  
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out  
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,  
More rough the billows grew,—  
And rose and fell, a greater swell,  
And he was swelling too!

'And lo! where room had been for seven,  
For six there scarce was space!  
For five!—for four!—for three!—not more  
Than two could find a place!

'There was not even room for one!  
They crowded by degrees—  
Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,  
And knees were jogging knees.

'“Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,  
The wave will else come in!”  
Without a word, he gravely stirr'd,  
Another seat to win.

'“Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,  
You must not sit a lee!”  
With smiling face, and courteous grace,  
The middle seat took he.

'But still, by constant quiet growth,  
His back became so wide,  
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,  
Was thrust against the side.

'Lord! how they chided with themselves,  
That they had let him in;  
To see him grow so monstrous now,  
That came so small and thin.

'On every brow a dew-drop stood,  
They grew so scared and hot,—  
“I! the name of all that's great and tall,  
Who are ye sir, and what?”

'Loud laugh'd the gogmagog, a laugh  
As loud as giant's roar—

'When first I came, my proper name  
Was Little—now I'm Moore!’

Of the forty original designs, it is only necessary to observe, that they have all the grotesque ability which distinguished the former series.

*A Dissertation on the Features and Treatment of Insanity.* By JOHN SYER, Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 380. London, 1827. Underwood.

THE benevolent measures which are in contemplation by Lord Robert Seymour, and a few other philanthropic individuals, with the view of ameliorating the condition of those unfortunate objects denominated pauper lunatics, has given more than ordinary interest to the painful subject of mental alienation, both as regards the nature and origin of this greatest of human calamities, as well as the remedial measures which have hitherto been pursued by those who have had the charge of such unfortunate beings. The subject is, indeed, one of great importance in every point of view, and entitled to the most dispassionate attention of the legislature; which it will doubtless receive during the ensuing session of parliament. It is not merely whether a proper asylum shall be erected for the reception of the insane poor of the county of Middlesex. We hope and trust the committee of the house will extend their views beyond the precincts of the metropolis, for if even a small portion of such gross mismanagement (to call it by no harsher term), as has been already proved to exist in the receptacles adjacent to the metropolis, prevails in the provincial asylums, parliament owes it as a duty to the country, to take some immediate legislative steps which shall put a stop to such mercenary abuses—equally discreditable to the parochial or other local authorities, as to the character of the country generally. With regard to the volume before us, we must however proceed to offer a few remarks.

On opening the *Dissertation on Mental Insanity*, we were certainly not prepared to expect any thing very original, we have therefore not been disappointed. The author has contented himself, through the first half of his work, with collecting the observations of



other authors, in order to trace the usual sources which have been assigned as the proximate causes of insanity. Among the various writers whose researches have been directed to this intricate branch of inquiry, this author shows a decided leaning to those who refer the malady to *moral* rather than to *physical* causes. He is, therefore, not only at issue with some of the most enlightened practitioners of the day in this branch of medical science, such as Dr. Haslam, Dr. Knight, and others, but he considers the speculations of that profound anatomist Spurzheim, as a sort of heresy in medical science. We may quote the following passage, by way of showing the horror the author seems to entertain, as to all speculative inquiries:—

‘It is scarcely possible to forbear remarking, that the uncontrollable propensity in man to scrutinize his own admirable frame and modified union of soul and body, is the surest presage of his future exalted destiny; and furnishes, at least, an indirect proof of the primitive rank which he originally held, and which he has since forfeited by his own rebellious nature; and, were we deprived of the light of Christianity, we should be incapable of regarding the whole history of mankind, in any other light than as an incontrovertible deviation from original perfection, and a gradual return to it.’

Though we may respect the motives which dictated the above paragraph, we suspect our medical readers will consider Mr. Syer a little out of his depth in this instance. In pursuance of the same view, as to the *inscrutable* nature of mental alienation, it is not surprising that even the labours of Majendie, of Bichat, and of Laurence, are treated with no great respect under the morbid apprehension of tending to materialism. But we will dismiss this weak portion of Mr. Syer's volume, in order to give an extract or two, showing the judicious views he entertains as to the medical and moral treatment of the insane. Even in this department we are not to look for any absolute novelty, or specific mode of treatment to be pursued in the different class of insane patients; so much as a general plan of medicinal treatment, coupled with a strict attention on the part of those who have the custody of insane persons, to keep constantly in view all those minutiae which tend to meliorate, if not cure the patient's malady. The effect of some kind of employment in mitigating this disease, as well as the maintenance of corporeal health, begins now to be fully appreciated in several of our provincial receptacles for the insane, and we cannot see any justifiable grounds why a similar system should not be adopted in the numerous private and public receptacles of the metropolis. To the managers of such establishments, we recommend the following extract from our author:—

‘Monsieur Pinel informs us that, at the principal hospitals in Spain, the maniacs capable of working, are distributed every morning into separate parties. An overlooker is deputed for each class, who apportions to each their respective employments, directs their exercises, and watches over their conduct. The whole day is thus occupied by salutary and refreshing exercises, except by short intervals for rest and relaxation. The fatigues of the day prepare the labourers for sleep and repose during the night.

Hence, it appears, that those whose condition does not place them above the necessity of submission and toil of labour, are almost always cured; whilst the grandee, whose friends would think themselves degraded by exercises of this description, are generally incurable.’

Even with the highest classes in England, the benefit resulting from *some occupation* is forcibly illustrated by the ennui and gloom to which hundreds are subject from the want of employment. We should consider this point of more consequence than all others among remedial measures in cases of insanity. From some instances within our knowledge, in two private establishments, of the management pursued by parties who are interested in perpetuating, instead of removing the malady, we are justified in urging the legislature to examine most scrupulously, during the next session, not only the management of pauper asylums, but also the mismanagement of private receptacles. In corroboration of these remarks, we must beg leave to quote some sensible observations of Mr. Syer:—

‘Before venturing on the prognosis of insanity, there remains a subject of the utmost moment, in a civil and judicial point of view, as it may attach to the deprivation of liberty, and the adjudication and disposal of property of those individuals, who from natural imbecility of mind, or eccentricity of conduct, have incurred the stigma of insanity. And it is to be regretted, in spite of the plainest and most scientific evidence, on the part of medical men, that juries are occasionally actuated by some unfair bias in coming to a just decision. Sometimes, it may be admitted, that an erroneous verdict may spring from the contradictory depositions of men of high medical ability. In either case, the responsibility of the parties is sufficiently urgent to arrest our most serious attention. There are many cases of flighty and highly whimsical persons, whose imagination is so active as to overpower every solid faculty of sober reasoning, that need no absolute seclusion from the world, who may occasionally mistake the suggestions of a lively imagination for substantial truths, which other men of more correct habits would disbelieve, or reject with derision.’

Dr. Spurzheim has also remarked, that

‘In adults, too great energy of one power will easily disturb the balance of the healthy functions. For this reason, a genius is so often near insanity; that is, his power is so energetic, that it acts independently of his will.’

Each of our readers must recognise some of their acquaintance who are liable to this imputation; yet it would be monstrous to pronounce such persons insane, or have them incarcerated, perhaps for life, in those receptacles which must add to their eccentricity or aberration of judgment. It ought always to be borne in mind, that the parties who are petitioners for a writ of lunacy, against any individual, are, *almost with ut exception, interested in the property of the lunatic.*

With regard to the safe custody or control of the more refractory class of patients, we are also happy to find our author condemn all unnecessary severity, as having an obvious tendency to increase the malady. He observes:—

‘The simplicity and efficacy attached to the apparatus which is portrayed in Dr. Knight's

work, is well worthy the attention of all those who are deputed to preside over this afflicting malady. In warm weather, among the furious class of maniacs, the straight waistcoat has been known to irritate and increase the restlessness, and found to encourage habits of uncleanness. They are best reconciled during this season, to superficial covering, and a more free exposure of the surface of the body to the common atmosphere. The manacles, or muffs, described by Dr. Knight, with perforations in them to admit of ventilation, would then be preferable; and the sleeves projected by this physician, seem to be adequate to every purpose for securing a violent lunatic. The grand point is to regulate the proper crisis for restraint, and to discriminate where it may be gradually dispensed with.’

We can only afford room for another extract, which is not only worthy the serious attention of all persons connected with families where an hereditary tendency to insanity is more or less prevalent; but, by following its dictates, we are convinced a great number of the incipient cases of mental aberration, arising from sudden calamity, or other sources, might be checked in the earlier stages, by the judicious and soothing offices of friends; instead of allowing the unfortunate patient to dwell on his miseries, till the empire of reason becomes totally subverted, and he is become a fit inmate for a mad-house:—

‘As the prevention of disease is generally more easy of attainment than the cure, it is a source of the utmost consolation to know, that by great temperance in the habits of living, and guarding against any sudden emotion of mind, or irascibility of temper, the approach of insanity may often be counteracted, even where the predisposition to it is strongly marked, until at length the predisposition itself is obliterated. By contemplating the subject in this point of view, that extreme dread of insanity, so conspicuous in many individuals, may be much diminished, as such anticipation of success, cannot but hold out a rational belief, that the natural tendency to this malady may be gradually prevented, and may be accomplished by simple and practical measures.’

We have only to add, that the Dissertation of Mr. Syer, taken as a whole, contains a mass of valuable observations, and cannot fail to prove interesting, if not advantageous, at a period when the nature and treatment of insanity so much occupies the public attention.

*The Tale of a Modern Genius; or, the Miseries of Parnassus. In a Series of Letters.* 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1037. London, 1827. Andrews.

If it be true that the life of *any* individual, however humble, if faithfully narrated, could not be deficient in utility or interest, where are we so likely to meet these characteristics as in that of the aspirant after literary fame, who, without the advantages of fortune or the patronage of friends, and rarely with the opportunities of self-improvement, in despite of vicissitudes the most trying, and of obstacles apparently insurmountable, succeeds at length in making an impression on a reluctant public,—a public too fond of being startled into admiration, and too apt to yield to quackery and noise the support which it



withholds from unobtrusive merit? In this class,—so persevering and undaunted,—the author of the present volumes holds a conspicuous place. His memoirs (unlike the quiet and unvaried tenor of the lives of most literary devotees,) are diversified and interesting in a very high degree. Others have struggled and suffered in the solitude and silence of their chamber,—he has been abroad in the world;—not, certainly, in its high places,—yet where character is most strongly marked, and the pursuits of existence are at once distinctively coloured, and infinitely instructive.

The avowed objects of the author in the publication of these letters is,—benefit to himself, entertainment to his readers, and the prevention of misstatements concerning himself and others. For these purposes he lays before the world a history of himself, even from his boyish days, and, as we have already intimated, this history will be found not uninviting to the general reader, nor incapable of 'pointing a moral' for the more profound. In the commencement of the work, we learn that the writer has been carelessly educated, and that his father had an invincible aversion to books. Not dispirited by these untoward preliminaries, he avails himself of many a secret and stolen interview with the muses, and encourages his incipient literary ambition by recalling to mind examples of genius triumphant over the depressing enthrallment of obscurity and want. He finds a patron in one Captain Forbes who lures him up to London, and deserts him. Having returned to his native village, he composes a tragedy which he despatches to London, and whilst its fate is yet undecided, he accepts a situation in the office of an attorney at Bristol. This situation he loses in consequence of assisting the niece of his master, in a love affair; and upon the heel of this misfortune arrives the intelligence that his tragedy has been rejected. Subsequently he becomes assistant in an academy,—loses also this employment, and then connects himself with a company of strolling players. In this portion of the first volume will be found much amusing matter pertaining to itinerant theatricals; but, unfortunately, it has little to recommend it on the score of novelty, its chief interest arising from the prominent part which the writer himself enacted in the scenes which he describes. An unfortunate voyage to Malta concludes the first volume; and the second opens with the wanderer's return to England. Again he enlists himself into the company of the manager whom he had joined in the first instance, and with the daughter of a member of this corps he falls in love. The lady jilts him, on p. 52, and, on p. 126, we find that he has consoled himself by marriage with the orphan daughter of an attorney. After many distresses and disappointments, (of which, indeed, his whole life seems to have been composed),—he sets up for himself as manager of a company of comedians, and among these engages Mrs. Carey and her daughter—the mother and sister of our great tragedian, Kean. The latter of these females is described as 'totally unfit for anything under heaven, except to read novels and romances.'

In addition to these coadjutors, the new manager had the brother of the poet laureate and his wife:—

'This infatuated young man had been an officer in the army, and served for a time in the Peninsular war; but his commission, the prospect of preferment, and the regard and countenance of his family, all were sacrificed to an unconquerable passion for the stage. This younger Southey, with a croaking voice, a spare figure, and meagre countenance, fancies he shall soon rival a Cooke and a Kemble in the Osmonds and Macbeths on the stage, holds his head as high in the theatrical world as his brother does in the poetical, and hugs himself in the delightful idea of being able ere long to retaliate all the neglect and scorn with which the laureate treats him.'

This theatrical speculation, like every preceding effort, ends in utter disappointment; and the author is compelled to quit his unhappy family, and go in search of a situation. We can no longer follow him thus faithfully through the trials and miseries that now befall him;—we hasten to volume the third, which abounds in literary interest. In the first letter of this volume, he thus addresses his friend:—

'I have the felicity to inform you, that I have completed my projected poem in eleven books, at the end of two years' deep study, toil, and application; friendless, unnoticed, unassisted, and without ten useful books to consult. And now comes the trial. Will this poem obtain the favour of the public? Shall I reap, after all my labours and sufferings, a golden harvest of renown, a glorious immortality? or will my daring presumption be considered, as some of my kind-hearted neighbours prophesy, an abortive attempt, unworthy notice or patronage, and deep eternal oblivion be the lot of the work and its unfortunate author? Surely great attempts, even when wholly unsuccessful, deserve some credit; and when the thousand difficulties and disadvantages with which I have had to contend are fairly brought into the account, contempt and derision will not, I trust, be cast upon me by the liberal and the learned; and I care for no other.'

For the history of this epic poem, the difficulties attending its publication, the hopes and fears, the mortifications and disappointments of its unfortunate author, we refer the reader to the work itself; simply remarking, that the history of even literary sufferers affords few examples of such intense devotion to an elevated pursuit, repaying its votary only with humiliation and despair. In the course of this painful narrative, we find, interwoven with bitter complaints of the neglect of the literary world in general, several grateful tributes to some two or three respectable individuals, who, on various occasions, promoted the interests of the struggling poet. The late Mrs. Fordyce was not the least active in this benevolent work; and the author presents us with a very characteristic letter from that lady to Mr. Meyler, of Bath: speaking of our author, she says,—

'Advise him to come to Bath. Tell him there is a house there, with a parlour and a bed chamber in all respects quite comfortable, dry, well aired: that there is, in the style of neat sobriety, a sufficient dinner on table every day at four o'clock; that the mistress of the house loves nothing so much as seclusion, books, and

men of talents who have conjoined that becoming piety which occasionally appears in Mr. —. I am glad he has a wife, in the hope she has a heart worthy of such a husband. She will take care of him, and I will take care of both while under my roof, where they will have no cares, and plenty of books,—no check on the muses. The recluse mistress of the house will never trouble them till dinner is on the table, for being eighty-five years of age, she always breakfasts in bed,—not from an inclination to loiter, but that it enables her to hold out through the day, when the detail of her small establishment is somewhat the better for being personally directed.

'It would be the ruin of such a man to be in London or Bath, without a house to receive him gratis. But I have a great desire to know what kind of person his wife is. Such an inquiry, dear sir, is of importance in taking people under one's roof. Such geniuses do not always match prudently. Yet he expresses a tender solicitude about her, which he could not do if he knew her to be unworthy. We will hope the best.'

Mr. S. Maunder is also honourably distinguished as a zealous supporter of the author, who likewise mentions Mr. Welch, and Carlington, the poet of Dartmoor, as literary and warm-hearted friends, whose hospitality and kindness, and open-hearted and cordial friendship will never be forgotten.

We are sorry to observe the desponding and apathetic tone in which these volumes are concluded; and earnestly hope that their publication may be productive of some permanent advantage to the author. It is impossible to read the story without feeling interested for the narrator;—the situations in which he has been placed—the scenes which he has witnessed—the various characters he has encountered,—all are described with a verisimilitude and earnestness, which invest with irresistible attractions this affecting piece of auto biography.

*The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys.* By LADY MORGAN. 4 vols. London, 1827. Colburn.

OFTEN as we have been indebted to Lady Morgan for every charm with which genuine patriotism, deep feeling, and exquisite humour can invest the regions of romance, we confess that these enviable qualities have never been put forth with such unqualified lustre as in the national tale of the O'Briens and the O'Flahertys. Lively and correct portraiture,—bold and uncompromising exposure,—the glow of fancy and the force of truth have characterized all that she has heretofore presented to the world; but never were they wrought up with so much skill, or productive of so overwhelming an effect as in the scenes of courtly profligacy on the one hand, and rash love of country on the other, with which this work abounds. After stating that to live in Ireland and to write for it, is to live and write '*poignard sur [la] gorge*,'—there being no country where it is less possible to be useful with impunity, or where the penalty on patriotism is levelled with a more tyrannous exaction,—Lady Morgan observes, 'called, however, to the ground by the sarcasms of enemies, and by the counsels of friends, I venture forth once more, with



something less, perhaps, of intrepidity, than when I "fleshed my maiden sword" under the banners of The Wild Irish Girl; but in the full force of that true female quality, over which time holds no jurisdiction—perseverance. Most grateful are we to this 'true female quality' in the present instance; presenting, as it does, a cheering picture of consistency, in which the expansion and perfection of literary ability has tended chiefly to the confirmation and advancement of principles early avowed, and earnestly, and through every change, upheld and vindicated. Perhaps our readers will not be displeased to see Lady Morgan's own view of the subject and era which she has now chosen, and the motives with which she writes:

"I anticipate upon this, as upon similar occasions, that I shall be accused of unfeminine presumption in "meddling with politics;" but while so many of my countrywomen "meddle" with subjects of much higher importance;—while missionary misses and proselyting peeresses affect to "stand, instead of God, amongst the children of men," may not I be permitted, under the influence of merely human sympathies, to interest myself for human wrongs; to preach in my own way on the "evil that hath come upon my people," and to "fight with gentle words, till time brings friends," in that cause which made Esther eloquent, and Judith brave? For love of country is of no sex. It was by female patriotism that the Jews attacked their tyrants, and broke down their stateliness by the hands of a woman;" and who (said their enemies,) "would despise a nation which had amongst them such women?"

"The epoch I have chosen for illustration has, in the present state of exhausted combinations, one great recommendation to the novelist—it is untouched. It has also a deep interest in a national point of view—it embraces events which prepared the Rebellion, and accomplished the Union. An epoch of transition between the ancient despotism of brute force and the dawning reign of public opinion; it was characterized by the supremacy of an oligarchy, in whose members the sense of irresponsible power engendered a contempt for private morals, as fatal as their political corruption."

Some characteristic epistles between the O'Flahertys and the O'Briens form the prelude of the story; and the descendant of the latter (a most fascinating portrait) is its principal hero. A review in the first volume introduces us to all the more important of the dramatis personæ; and of these the lady-lieutenant of course takes precedence.

"Her ladyship's splendid phaeton was drawn by four tiny steeds, which looked as though some such fairy godmother as Cinderella's had recently converted them from white mice into white ponies. They were whimsically driven by two little jet black postillions, turbaned and draped in eastern costume; and they strongly contrasted their Moorish visages and ebony countenances with the pretty fair faces of two little boys, who sat *sur le devant*, and who might have passed for loves, if they had not been loaded with the military finery of viceregal pages. Alone in her triumphal car, surpassing all, even those who "surpassed the passing fair," sat the fairest representative of royalty that ever was delegated by foreign policy, to win over a refractory people, by means which might have succeeded when weightier measures failed. But party spirit is not gal-

lant; and politics and chivalry have ever stood aloof. It happened, therefore, that her excellency, the idol of her court, formed to "engage all hearts and charm all eyes," was not a favourite with the people; who confounded the gaiety of her drawing-room with the impolitic measures of her husband's cabinet. And though whenever she came forth into public, a sudden burst of admiration, which nature sent from the hearts to the lips of all parties, hailed her approach, yet it was too frequently chilled by prejudice, or checked by misdirected indignation. She appeared at the review in the habit of Rutland blue, faced with scarlet, and embroidered in gold. Her faultless face was too much shaded by the broad leaf of a white beaver hat, surmounted by a *panache blanche*, which, like that worn by the best of the Bourbons, was the oriflamme of many a devoted heart. As she passed along, she bowed gracefully to all; and familiarly, and with a significant glance and smile, to the ladies in the phaeton. Her splendid appearance extorted involuntary homage from every eye—and voluntary sarcasms from many lips. "There she goes," said Lady Knocklofty, "the 'queen of hearts,' with St. Leger, and St. George, and St. John, and all her train of saints after her."

"And sinners," said Lady Honoria, significantly.

"I hope you don't count my lord in the number, poor man," said Lady Knocklofty, "for he is close upon her chariot wheels, you see."

"Yes!" said Lady Honoria, with humour, "she is at all in the ring."

"If she is at him, it will be love's labour lost," said Lady Knocklofty, "or coquetry's; for if I know any thing of Lord Knocklofty, he is not to be taken, alive or dead."

"Well," said Lady Honoria, "*sur ce chapitre on peut se rapporter à vous*," as Ninon says; and it is as well to be put upon one's guard at once."

"I don't mean to say that Lord Knocklofty is not to be won," said his wife coolly; but it will not be by a woman, who, like the duchess, is neither actuated by passion nor by avarice, and who, spoilt by flattery herself, never thinks of offering it, where flattery alone will take. Lord Knocklofty must be wooed, and not unsought be won. He has no time to make love. A clever woman might do any thing with him, who would take that trouble off his hands. As for the duchess, she, you know, means nothing by her conquests but the pleasure of making them."

"Humph!" ejaculated Lady Honoria; "I am not quite so sure of that."

The O'Brien, as leader of the Irish brigade, has been very conspicuous in the brilliant sham fight, and has attracted the notice of Lady Knocklofty, between whom and himself the following amusing occurrence takes place towards the conclusion of the day:—

"Lady Knocklofty, with looks and spirits all abroad, hummed an air from the Beggar's Opera; and placing her very pretty foot against the side of her phaeton, slipped it in and out of a little zebra shoe, which was the fashion of the day, and an exact type of a slipper from the seraglio of the Grand Signor.

"This movement, conscious or unconscious on the part of the exhibitor, had attracted the eyes, and caused some confusion along the line of the Irish brigade. It more particularly attracted the young leader, who stood in advance of the corps, and who watched the twinkling of

the little foot with such a glance as the hawk gives to the fluttering of a young bird nestled near his airy. The slipper (as might be expected) at last fell to the ground; and the young volunteer, springing from his post, pounced on his pretty prey with a rapidity that distanced all other competitors for the honour of picking it up and restoring it. With the slipper in one hand, and his cap in the other, he stood beside the phaeton, presenting it gracefully; his colour deepening, and his eyes raised with a look, not confident but intense, to the face of its distinguished owner. Finer eyes might be forgotten; but such eyes,—eyes that awaken emotion, by emitting it, once met, are remembered for ever!

"Lady Knocklofty, instead of taking the shoe so respectfully and gracefully offered, looked round for a moment, then putting out her foot, seemed to say by the motion, and the smile more cordial than coquettish, which accompanied it, "there! you may put it on for our pains!" The look was understood as it was meant, and the slipper was put on; but with an air of such religious respect as pilgrims give to the consecrated slipper of St. Peter, when first permitted to kiss with "holy palmer's kiss" the toe of infallibility."

Subsequently, O'Brien rescues this lady, and her friend Lady Honoria, from very imminent peril, and returns home very decidedly impressed by the fascinations of her whose life he had saved, and, (equally endearing recollection), whose slipper he had put on. Towards evening he interferes in a dispute between the populace and several titled and military fops; is seized as a ringleader of the mob; is rescued, retaken, and, finally, conveyed a prisoner to the Castle. We pass over a frolicsome wager of Lady Knocklofty, by means of which O'Brien is introduced to all the wit and beauty, the arrogance and the inanity of the lady-lieutenant's drawing-room, and arrive at the description of his release from du-rance:—

"O'Brien, at five o'clock of the day which followed his arrest, found himself at liberty. No charge had been brought (or rather was permitted to be brought) against him: and while the officious and boasting O'Mealy acted as the immediate agent in the affair, it was not doubtful to O'Brien, that the lovely and kind arbitress of his destiny, was the all-powerful Lady Knocklofty.

"O'Mealy having accompanied his *protégé* to the gate of the lower castle yard, left him in the filthy defile of Ship Street; after having disburthened himself of so much of the tediousness of his undisguised vulgarity of mind and manner, as excited new wonder, that one so below the mark of ordinary education should have made himself the associate of those whose rank was an assurance for their refinement.

"O'Brien, as he still smiled at some of the captain's absurdities, recalled a precept which he had often heard repeated by his colonel, the charming Prince de Ligne, to the young men of his staff and regiment, "Je veux que le militaire, qui a été aussi aimable le soir, que le grand Condé l'étoit chez Ninon, soit d'aus-bonne heure à sa troupe le matin, que fui toujours le brave Turenne." Such were the maxims upon which O'Brien's military education had been formed. But the grand Condé, Ninon, Turenne, and Captain O'Mealy, of the Royal Irish! . . . . what a comparison!! He



shrugged his shoulders, and sighed; for he felt that this first sacrifice to patriotism, on quitting the service of a foreign despot, was not the least, as he was beginning to feel, it would not be the last.

Released from the coarse and vulgar garb of his companion, he hurried home to O'Brien House by those obscure ways, bye streets, and dirty lanes and courts, which Staniburst and Ware have rendered historical; but which are now the purlieus of a squalid indigence, that turns aside the eye of charity by the filth or vice which accompanies its wretchedness.

Threading the disgusting mazes of the liberties, where epidemic maladies are perpetuated by helpless, hopeless, irremediable poverty, his heart recoiled, and his senses sickened. Figures and faces presented themselves at every step, in which the impress of crime, or the traces of famine left scarcely a human feature; and this, too, almost in sight of the architectural cupolas and gilded vanes of the seat of that government, which was answerable for every combination, that had contributed to produce such an unparalleled order of things.

To these painful impressions succeeded reflections, rapid as his steps, on his own recent adventures,—the occurrences of the preceding day and night—his liberation—his liberatress. The ring so mysteriously exchanged for one not unknown, nor unconnected with his former life; the perpetual apparition of that wild, and to his apprehension, supernatural figure; the fate, too, that awaited him at the college, where he well knew that he was already watched; and above all, the annoyance which he must have occasioned to his father, who, after an absence of three months, had just returned in time to witness the part he had taken in the riot, all recurred to his imagination. He was almost certain that he had seen Lord Arranmore at the gable window of the attic on the preceding evening; and, that the paternal door had been closed against him in a moment of such exigency, was a proof how much and how deeply he had incurred the displeasure of one, who had but too many annoyances to contend against.

We shall recur to these volumes at our first convenience; but cannot leave them without reiterating our assurance, that Lady Morgan has, on this occasion, excelled herself, and has furnished the admirers of historical romance with a high and extraordinary treat.

*Vittoria Colonna; a Tale of Rome in the Nineteenth Century.* 3 vols. post 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1827.

WE think our readers, in general, will give us credit for affording them early reviews of the numerous publications which are continually issuing from the press; but it will so happen, occasionally, that a valuable work is suffered to pass unheeded for a time, either through the pressure of matter of more present importance, or through circumstances of such a varied nature, as render it impossible for us more than to allude to their existence. In this way, it appears, the tale, whose title stands at the head of this article, has hitherto escaped our notice,—a tale, which, whether we consider the period it embraces, (the early part of the French revolution,) or the

ability with which it is written, ought long ago to have called forth our almost unqualified praise. The author has not only handled his subject in a masterly manner, but he has drawn such characters of men and things, as cannot but strike forcibly the minds of his intelligent readers with a conviction of their truth, and afford them delight by their deep interest. We will not particularize (noticing the work, as we do, so long after its publication) but what may not be expected from an author who can depict such a scene as the following,—the death of 'the first grenadier of France,' Latour de Auvergne:—

As Colonel Duvivier led his troops down the descent of Nepi, under a sharp fire, he found himself, for a moment, by the side of Latour. "Now, *mon grenadier*," said the colonel, "you must carry the bridge, you *pedites*, and leave me way for but a horse's hoof, and we'll chase these fellows, like a louting herd of oxen, back to Rome." "The bridge shall be carried without fail," replied Latour; "though had we delayed ten minutes for a reinforcement to turn this stream and divide the enemy, much loss would have been spared." "No, no; I'll not share glory with old Kellerman. The powdered, little, old-school veteran would be vaunting that he saved us boys." "The old-school veteran might have vaunted truly." "Bah, Latour! We have scarcely lost a man—look round. These fellows, as our soldiers say, charge their pieces with macaroni, not with lead." "And so have contrived, it appears," said the grenadier, with a growl, "to afford us a bellyfull of fighting." "Go to; you jest in action, and prate of gloomy sentiments before it." "The ides of March are not past, colonel." "En avant, *mes braves*," cried Duvivier, and the measured pace of the battalion, altered to the *pas de charge*, advanced, not at first impetuously, but steadily to the encounter. The bridge, the course of the stream, and the troops along it, were in an instant enveloped in a sulphurous cloud, from whence a volley of unseen lightnings made havoc amongst the French, in spite of Duvivier's jocular assertion. The head of the column was soon lost in the smoke; again and again the loud-mouthed artillery spoke—ceased; the clash of closer weapons succeeded the shouts and struggles of the combat. The bridge was carried—the cavalry swept over it—the strife, after a while, was hushed; and as the clouds were dissipated and driven before the wind, the Neapolitans were seen in full route, scattered over the Campagna, flying and mingled with their pursuers. Here and there a partial combat still took place, as a body of the fugitives, too sorely pressed, turned and stood against their conquerors; and these, according to the force contiguous to or around them, were either charged, ridden through, and sabred; or else, their valour respected, were allowed to continue their retreat. The wide plain was thinly scattered with the dead and the dying, but more with caps, arms, accoutrements, and all the apparel of the soldier; the sutlers had not ventured so far. Here and there, where a stand had been made, the pile of dead rose one upon the other; whilst, perhaps, some gallant survivor, who had missed his attached comrade in the conflict, approached the heap and looked in momentary search. The friendship of the human species indeed seemed here not so manifest as that of man to beast, for more cavaliers cast their eyes around in search of their lost steeds, than in anxiety to learn the fate of friends or companions. Du-

vivier, as his good horse bore him leisurely over the fallen bodies of his mangled followers and enemies, was very selfishly and placidly absorbed in calculations of the new rank with which his conquest might be repaid. It was not for some time, not till he had uplifted his view to the crimson tint of the declining sun, on the abrupt sides and clefts of Mount Soracte, that his thoughts took a milder and more generous channel. He then indeed, when moved by scenic beauty, experienced for a moment sentiments akin to it, and gave a passing thought to his affections. It was but passing; the sounds of war still came from a distance, and tokens of a still subsisting and doubtful conflict could be both seen and heard, around at the foot of Soracte or Monte St. Oreste it seemed to rage even as if it were noon. Duvivier still watched the distant scene, absorbed in it till he approached Nepi once more. His troops were at the time wisely regaling themselves with a hasty meal after the exhaustion of the combat. Their merriment, surrounded as they were by death, seemed no dissonance to their commander's ear; his spirits even rose as their loud chorus resounded above the wailings of the wounded, and the echoes of distant battle. Looking towards them, as they crowned the ruins of Nepi, he approached the little bridge which had been the scene of a severe though brief contest. He cast his eye a moment round, to mark what had become of the Neapolitan field-pieces, which had played upon them so hotly a few hours since. Some had disappeared, dragged either into the Campagna by the conquered, or into Nepi by the French. One he observed towards the side unmoved; the heaps of slain around it would have required perseverance to have removed them, ere it could be brought off. It stood, therefore, in a kind of human entrenchment; and strange, a form appeared to be seated up on the heap, reclining against the fatal gun. Duvivier drew near. It was motionless; the martial headgear, whatever that might have been, thrown off,—the face upturned pale, and serene. The light, already faint, fell for the last time on that noble countenance in its perfect expression; by the morrow "Decay's cold fingers would have swept its lines." Duvivier could not mistake it—the gray locks, the dark mustachios, the placid countenance—it was Latour. Duvivier dropped from his horse. A lance, most probably of one of the German followers of Mack, had transfixed the veteran's heart. He sat dead, and leaning against the cannon he had won. Soldier as Duvivier was, acquainted with death both in friend and foe, the sight overpowered him; he sat too, and for a few brief moments, the scene around—the noise of triumph and of woe—the field of slaughter and of victory, struck him with unutterable disgust. Glory even seemed a sickening crime, and life a horrid dream, well escaped from.

*The Newtonian System of Philosophy, by Tom Telescope, A.M.* A new and improved Edition. By JAMES MITCHELL. 18mo. pp 160. London, 1827. Tegg.

IT is perfectly astonishing to observe the methods taken to instil into the youthful mind an acquaintance with the elements of various branches of knowledge, the study of which might seem almost to be the sole province of those advanced in years. Now the study of philosophy is made so easy, as to afford an amusing way of passing time even to a child; and to supplant, in many cases, recrea-



tions, in the indulging which, it might be thought the hours would pass much more pleasantly. Those who have children under their care, and are desirous of procuring sources of delight and amusement, without encroaching on limited means, would do well to purchase this admirable little volume.

*Vicissitudes in the Life of a Scottish Soldier.*  
Written by Himself. 12mo. pp. 358.  
London, 1827. Colburn.

So much has been written and published relative to the late Peninsular War, that we almost dreaded the thought of encountering another volume, though it were the production of one of those private individuals, often too little regarded after the din and clamour of war is over, but who, many of them, it may be, have not fallen short of their superiors in rank,—either in patriotism, or courage, or generosity, or adventure. Induced, however, to take up this volume, as a soldier's relation of his own vicissitudes, we have perused it, but not as intended to convey to us any fresh information as to the operations of the war, or as likely, in any considerable degree, to interest us. We have not been disappointed; it contains many anecdotes, hair-breadth escapes, and accounts of the fatigues and trials to which the author was subjected, and nothing that demands attention for its novelty, or that could warrant the publication of another work on this exhausted subject.

#### ORIGINAL.

##### PRIVATE LETTER FROM PARIS.

*The Theatre.—The Man of the World.—Faust.—Blanche of Aquitaine.—The Actress.—Literature.—Translation of the Epicurean.—Life of Napoleon.—An Execution.*  
Paris, November, 5th 1827.

It appears as though all the trumpets of Fame, were just now employed in sounding the praises of *The Man of the World*,—of M. Ancelot, in its double character of a romance and a drama. The romance is to be found in every boudoir, and the drama attracts crowded audiences to the theatre of the Odéon. As I intend, very shortly, to send you an analysis of these works, I shall not now stop to notice them.

The *Faust* of Goëthe, arranged by M. Theaulon for the Théâtre des Nouveautés and the *Blanche of Aquitaine* of M. Bis, which was brought out last week at the Théâtre Français, divide with *The Man of the World* the favours of the Parisians. The first-named piece has just given rise to a curious lawsuit between a young actress, Mdlle. Estelle George, and the managers of the Théâtre des Nouveautés. 'The celebrated actor,' said Mdlle. Estelle, before the judges of Le Tribunal de Commerce of Paris, 'the celebrated actor who wears with so much dignity the mantle of Scylla and of Nero, would not of course envelop himself in the sack of Scapin any more than Odry would assume the mournful habiliments of Hamlet, or of Charles VI., yet the managers, over-looking this fact, have appointed me a part in the piece of *Faust*, which is derogatory to my talents.—

The actress asserts that she was engaged to play love-lorn damsels of the second and third rank, and that she cannot represent artless characters. The judges have referred the parties to the manager of the Théâtre Favart for the adjustment of their differences.

The tragedy of *Blanche of Aquitaine* has obtained the most decided success. The subject is taken from French history, and the time of action is the reign of Louis V. Emma, the wife of Clotaire II., and Blanche, the wife of Louis, are the principal characters. According to M. Bis, Emma, (whom he calls Emine,) is convicted of having caused the death of her husband, Clotaire, in the hope of enjoying absolute sovereignty during the minority of her son Louis V. Louis is espoused to Blanche of Aquitaine, who despises him on account of his imbecility of mind and weakness of constitution. She becomes enamoured of one of the principal lords of the court, remarkable for his comely person and numerous exploits. This is no other than Hugh Capet, the founder of the third dynasty. By his assistance, Louis has just succeeded in crushing a dangerous rebellion, and great rejoicings take place, in which Blanche alone cannot participate, all her thoughts being engrossed by Hugh Capet, whom she loves to distraction, without being sure that her love is returned. Hurried on by these feelings, she adopts as a confidant her sister Isabella, princess of Navarre, who has come to implore the assistance of Louis, against the Moors, who have invaded her territories. Blanche, conceiving that Hugh Capet will receive the command of the French army, determines upon returning to Navarre, with her sister, in the hopes that, when there, she may have an opportunity of indulging her criminal passion, and of persuading Hugh to seize on her husband's crown. Emine, however, is, from experience, too clear-sighted not to discern the projects of Blanche and the danger of Louis, and resolves to persuade her son to oppose his wife's departure. Blanche, not in the least intimidated, since she has discovered Emine's fatal secret, by overhearing her apostrophize the shade of her departed husband, boldly taxes the queen mother with her crime, which the latter at last avows, but at the same time draws so affecting a picture of the torments to which she is a prey, that Blanche's pity is excited, and she resolves that this shall serve her as a beacon, and that she will return to the paths of virtue. This scene is by far the best wrought in the piece, and redeems much previous obscurity and tediousness. The unfortunate Blanche, however, is not to escape her destiny. Her efforts to subdue her passion, and to return to her conjugal fidelity, are opposed by her husband's having been informed of her guilty love by his uncle, Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who, anxious to usurp the throne of his nephew, imagines that the best step towards it, will be to effect a quarrel between Louis and Hugh Capet, as the general's fidelity and courage are formidable obstacles to Charles's designs. Louis will not listen to his wife's justification of herself, till she consents to join him in receiving the communion, and peace then appears about to be restored. Un-

fortunately, however, Blanche's wedding-ring falls into the cup of wine, and this ring contains poison. Blanche is aware of this, but whether the accident has been premeditated, or that she is glad to avail herself of it, she has not courage to snatch the fatal cup from her husband. Louis drinks, and soon after expires on the stage, in his mother's arms, and in presence of Blanche, who puts a period to her existence with a poignard.

Moore's *Epicurean* has just had the honour of being translated into French. M. Renouard's translation is not very elegant, but it deserves commendation on the score of fidelity. I have not yet seen that of Mme. Alexandrine Arago, the agreeable translator of Miss Lucy Aikins's works, and who, it is also expected, will shortly translate the last production of Miss Emma Roberts. Books upon Napoleon still continue in favour. M. de Norvins has commenced publishing a history of *the great man*, in which the nine volumes of Sir Walter Scott are very severely criticised; but the public will soon be tired of this sort of works; truth is still wanting, they are contemporaries who write, and the passion observable in their judgments, will soon make more interesting subjects sought after.

Our journals have been occupied, for some time past, with the details of an execution, which are painful in the extreme,—not only from the sanguinary character which it portrays of our criminal code, but from the apprehension that one of the executed has undergone the cruel sentence of the law without having partaken in the crime. The facts of the case are briefly these:—A man and his wife, named Biron, were arraigned for poisoning the widow Rocher, the mother of the wife, and condemned on the 20th of August; at which time the jurors were equally divided—six being for conviction, and six for acquittal, when one of them wished to change his judgment, and, after argument, was permitted to do so, making the number seven for finding the prisoners guilty, which verdict was afterward approved by the judges, and the sentence carried into effect, at Poitiers, on the 20th October. The place of execution is about a mile from the town, and thither the condemned had to walk barefooted, with their faces veiled; this covering, however, was so thin, that the working of their countenances, the quivering lip, the convulsed outline, were distinguished by the by-standers.

Arrived at the guillotine, the two prisoners clasped each other in their arms, and took a convulsive, agonizing, yet affectionate farewell. The male prisoner bared his arms, and with firmness bore them to be pinioned by the executioner, agreeably to his sentence; in a moment after his head was severed from the body. But the woman, alas! rather resisted than submitted to her fate; the executioner, with assistants, had to struggle with her before her arms could be properly secured; she was then forced under the guillotine, where she beheld the fatal knife reeking with blood, and the decapitated gory head of her husband; a piercing shriek, from her very soul, filled the spectators with horror,—and in another moment the instru-



ment of death fell, and precipitated her trunkless head into the basket which contained her husband's. To increase our commiseration, we learn that before the husband left the prison, he solemnly declared that he alone bought the poison, and was the sole cause of its being taken, that his miserable wife was entirely ignorant of the fact, and, consequently, was perfectly innocent.

## ITALIAN POETRY.

No. III.

*Dante, continued. — The Knowledge of all Kinds that is contained in his Poem.*

EVERY one is acquainted with the extraordinary merit of *La Divina Commedia*, a poem, so rich in profound thoughts, sublime images, and magnificent descriptions. It has become so popular in Europe, that to praise it would be imitating that *rethor*, who presented himself before an assembly, for the express purpose of reciting a panegyric upon Hercules. Ginguenè, however, has said, that this poem, except in a few instances, is deficient in episodes. This point which, in any other case, would be a mere matter of opinion, is of the greatest importance, as relates to Dante; and it is easy to prove, from one remark only, that Ginguenè, who has written such brilliant pages upon Italian literature, has comprehended all *La Divina Commedia*, except its fundamental character.

Schlegel has compared the epic poem, in general, to a sort of bas-relief sculpture. Bas-relief represents a series of scenes, each of which is complete in itself, and is unconnected both with those that precede and those that follow it. They usually represent dances, combats, or religious festivals, which the author can vary or augment at pleasure. An epic poem, on the contrary, represents a series of scenes all relating to one single action, and the different actors in which are grouped around a *protagoniste* who gives connection and motion to all these various parties. Every thing is connected in an epic poem; good sense and good taste invariably mark out its boundaries. In a bas-relief every thing is unconnected, and there is neither a beginning nor end, but what is decided by the space in which it is to be contained. If, however, the remark of Schlegel is false, as far as regards the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, *Jerusalem Delivered*, *Orlando Furioso*, or *Paradise Lost*, it is quite true with respect to *La Divina Commedia*. That may well be compared to a bas-relief, for it contains no *protagoniste*, nor any unity of action in the strict sense of the term. Dante and Virgil are spectators and not *protagonistes*, since they do nothing towards the unity or disunity of an action which is totally independent of them; in fact, the action itself has no unity, for the scenes in hell are quite unconnected with those in purgatory, or those in paradise. There is certainly a unity of idea—that of describing God and the universe—but it would be difficult to discover any action which concentrates all in itself, and makes every thing conduce to its development. This poem, consequently, consists in a succession of scenes, and must, therefore, be very far from being deficient in episodes. These are,

in reality, its striking characteristics, for the author has not attempted to describe an enterprize, but a journey. It is this which particularly distinguishes *La Divina Commedia* from all other epic poems, either ancient or modern.

It has been said, that this poem contains a picture of the state of human knowledge in the third century; and this is true, for it is a complete encyclopedia of that period. But it must also be confessed, that Dante is not merely the historian of the opinions of his age: whilst describing them, he adds his own ideas, and the stores of his vast information, and all his subjects derive clearness from the precision of his judgment, and are embellished by the brilliant hues of his imagination. For instance, it is not believed that his contemporaries understood the theory of light; yet the poet announces it by a single stroke, as though he had had a presentiment of Newton. In the two lines—

Mira il calor del sol che si fa vino,

Giunto a l' amor che da la vite cola,

he so completely indicates this fine discovery, that there remained scarcely any thing for the British Galileo to do but to apply the powers of his profound logic fully to develop the theory. There is also little doubt but that the philosophy of Plato was then generally cultivated, but it appears quite a different thing, as treated by Dante, to what it does as commonly applied. To cite but one example; who had ever considered with the requisite precision, that point of platonic psychology which relates to the origin of the soul? The poet, however, says in a few words:

Esce di mano a Dio, che la vegghia  
Prima che sia.

Here is all that could be said most positive, and at the same time most brilliant upon the doctrine, be it what it may, of the pre-existence of the soul. This hemistich alone is well worth the whole of the *Phædon*.

It has also been observed, that Dante possessed very extended notions on theology. Yes; but his theology was neither that of Thomas nor of Scott. He drew the principles of it from that gigantic soul with which nature had endowed him, and he did not exhibit them to his contemporaries till they had passed the magic prism of his imagination: one example will be sufficient to demonstrate how his genius developed and embellished the most abstruse doctrines. From the time that the church adopted the doctrines of purgatory, theologians supposed that souls were condemned to pass a certain number of years there in a state of suffering, in order to expiate their sins; thus assimilating the judgments of the deity with those of earthly rulers. Dante disdained this ignoble manner of viewing the concerns of infinity: he supposes that the soul in purgatory has no other will than that decreed to it by divine justice, and consequently can have no desire to escape the punishment awarded; but this justice once satisfied, the immortal spirit takes its flight to paradise. Not content with ennobling the doctrine of purgatory, Dante also rendered it poetic.

In his youth Dante wrote some lyrical

poems, the subject of which was chiefly love, and all will admit that they display genius. But what a vast difference between them and his *Divina Commedia*! not that the poet's talents were more matured in the latter composition, for he was still very young when he conceived and arranged the plan of this poem; but, we again assert, that Dante required infinity for the display of his powers—nothing mortal and confined could inspire him. The awful spectacle of God and the universe could alone excite and inflame his dauntless imagination. Thus, he speaks of the mysterious Beatrice, in his poem, as well as in his lyrics—but in how different a style. In the first instance, she was merely an incomparable model of grace and beauty; afterwards she is transformed into an angel of light, whom the poet could only place in the midst of the choir of the elect, at the foot of the throne of the Eternal himself.

## TO HESPERUS.

'Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven!'—BRON.

Oh! fair and lovely star,  
The brightest far  
That gems the brow of night  
With radiant light,  
Would that my trembling spirit, free,  
Could wing its joyous way to thee,  
And high above the fate  
Of mortal state,  
Taste life and fadeless joy  
Without alloy.  
To flee the weary strife  
Of fretful life,  
The hope that grows for ever,  
But blossoms never,  
And all the pangs of hearts undone,  
The rising sun e'er looks upon,  
The sighs and after tears  
Of mispent years,  
When youth's deceiving spring  
Is withering.  
Oh! in thy realms to breathe  
(And never grieve)  
A lapse of sunny hours,  
'Midst smiles and flow'rs;  
To feel mysterious music's art  
Fall, dream-like, on the ravish'd heart,  
Whilst beauteous shapes around,  
In glory crown'd,  
Should fill the dazzled sight  
With strange delight.  
Alas! it may not be;  
Afar from thee,  
The prisoned soul must bear  
Its weight of care;  
Our dark inheritance of woe  
We vainly struggle to forego;  
'Tis but the fitful gleam  
Of minstrel's dream  
That leaves, on soaring wings,  
Earth's sorrowings.  
For ever, day by day,  
The spirits' play  
Is crush'd; the holy fire  
Beams to expire;  
Like thee to morning's garish light,  
It quails before the world's despoil,  
And when its brightness dies,  
'Midst broken sighs,  
It pines, like some lone bird,  
By all unheard.  
Then back, my idle hope,  
That fain would cope



With cank'ring ills that fall  
Alike on all;  
Fate, like some dark'ning river's flow,  
Whose waters no return can know,  
Bears swiftly on its course  
Grief and remorse,  
Till transient joy and gloom  
Sleep in the tomb.  
Sweet star, farewell awhile!  
Beneath thy smile,  
Thought, unsubdued by pain,  
Hath burst its chain,  
And all its wayward wishes sent,  
To revel in thy blandishment,  
And fashion out a home  
Where spirits roam,  
Children of light and air,  
Happy as fair.

G. D. R.

## FINE ARTS.

*The Passes of the Alps*, No. 4. By W. BROCKEDON, engraved by FINDEN and other artists, Rodwell.

MR. BROCKEDON's publication keeps its former level of excellence, and higher praise is unnecessary. The present No. contains views of the Devil's Bridge, Bellinzona from Sementina, Airolo and the Val Levantine, Ponte Tremola, the Summit of the Pass of the Saint Gotthard, Scene in the Valley of the Reuss, Tell's Chapel from the Lake of Uri, and Tell's Tower Altorf. Beautifully as all these plates have been managed by their respective engravers, it cannot be denied that Finden continues to maintain his superiority. The view of Tell's Chapel from the Lake, calls again to life all the fervent emotions which a visit to that holy spot, never failed to excite in the hearts of every real admirer of nature in her loveliness, and of that glorious being whose name has immortalized this interesting region. Mr. B. well deserves the success which has so pre-eminently attended his undertaking.

## LITHOGRAPHY.

LITHOGRAPHY is rapidly approaching to perfection in this country. Mr. Harding and Mr. Lane have each produced some prints which almost rival, in beauty and effect, the best specimens of fine engraving. They have not been satisfied with copying pictures of a mediocre character, but have taken their subjects from our most celebrated and successful artists. It is not, therefore, matter of surprise that their lithographic prints have been exceedingly popular, and that they embellish the parlours of many whose means do not enable them to obtain those of a more expensive nature. By this means a more refined taste for the fine arts will spread to all quarters of the kingdom, and the wretched coloured prints with which our more humble countrymen have been heretofore satisfied, will soon vanish altogether. It will give us much pleasure occasionally to devote a column of our paper to this improving and important art.

*Views of Windsor Castle and its adjoining Scenery; on Stone*, by WILLIAM GAUCI. London, 1827. Engelman.

HALF a dozen very correct and striking views of Windsor Castle, forming No. 1, of a series of portraits of that interesting edifice and its

beautiful surrounding scenery, which is to be completed in three parts. M. Gauci's talent in this peculiar department of art, is too well known to require any comment on the present occasion. It is sufficient to observe that these views are in his best style.

*The Banished Lord; a Sketch from SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.* By W. SHARP. Dickinson, New Bond-Street.

THERE is evidently the skill of an artist in this pleasing print. The pencilling is exceedingly clear, and the expression of the countenance well preserved; the hair both of the beard and the head is beautifully drawn.

*Modesty and Impudence; two Prints drawn by LANE, from Sketches by A. E. CHALON, R. A.* Dickinson.

THESE are almost perfect specimens of the art, and form a pair of interesting and valuable prints. They convey a powerful moral, by the character which the painter has given to the personages he describes. Modesty and Impudence were never seen contrasted so as to produce a better effect in recommending the one, and exciting disgust at the other.

*La Rosa Parlante; drawn by LANE, from a Picture by CHALON, R. A.* Dickinson.

THIS is a copy of one of Chalón's happiest drawings—a lady gathering a rose, to add to the basket which she carries on her rounded arm. Mr. Lane's effort to transfer its beauty and spirit to the stone, has been eminently successful.

*A Pleasing Thought; drawn by W. SHARP, from a Picture by MISS SHARP.*

THIS is also a very excellent specimen of lithography, from a sweet drawing by a lady who has attained considerable eminence in her profession. The sketch may, perhaps, be one of herself, and if so, she has a most engaging and a most happy countenance.

## ON THE PERFORMANCE OF DRAMATIC SONG.

THE following letter of Carl Maria von Weber, which we copy from the Harmonicon, was written to Music-Director Praeger, in answer to a request, (when about to bring out his Euryanthe,) that Weber would give him a list of the true times of the respective pieces, marked according to Malzael's metronome.

'Every singer imparts, though unconsciously, the colouring of his own individual character to the dramatic character which he sustains. Thus two singers, the one possessed of a slight and flexible voice, the other of an organ of great volume and power, will give the same composition in a manner widely different. The one will, doubtless, be more animated than the other; and yet both may do justice to the composer, inasmuch as both mark the gradations of passion in his composition, faithfully and expressively, according to the nature and degree of power possessed by each. But it is the duty of the music-director to prevent the singer from deceiving himself, by following too exclusively what at first appears to him most suitable. This caution is particularly necessary with respect to certain passages, lest the effect of the whole piece should suffer for the sake of some favourite roudade, which the singer must needs introduce. For instance, if a singer cannot throw sufficient fire and force of expression into the latter passages of the air

of "Eglantine," he had better simplify, than attempt to ornament them; otherwise the impassioned character of the whole piece must sustain an irreparable injury. By the same rule, if a performer cannot do justice to the strong and vindictive air of "Elvira" in the Opferfest, she will much less injure the work by omitting it altogether, than by giving it to the hearer in the style of a tame *saffeggio*.

'It is, and probably will continue to be, one of the most difficult of problems, so perfectly to unite song and instrumental accompaniment, in the rhythmical movement of a composition, as to make them amalgamate; that is, to make the latter sustain, heighten, and enforce the expression of the passion; for song and instruments are, in their nature, repugnant to each other.

'Song, by means of emphasis and verbal articulation, gives to the measure an effect which, perhaps, may be compared to the uniform breaking of waves upon the shore. Instruments, and particularly those of the stringed kind, divide the time into sharp beats, mathematically true, like those of the pendulum. Now, justness of expression requires a union of these conflicting properties. The movement ought not to be a tyrannical check—a driving mill-hammer, but must be to the composition, what pulsation is in the animal economy. There is no slow movement in which passages demanding acceleration do not occur. On the other hand, there is no quick movement but what requires, in many passages, moderate retardation. These changes, in particular cases, are absolutely necessary to expression.

'But, for heaven's sake, let no singer be induced to think himself justified, by what is here said, in rushing into a hair-brained mode of performance, tearing at pleasure into very tatters, any number of bars he may think proper; a mode of proceeding which cannot fail to excite the same feeling in the hearer of taste, as is produced by the clown who distorts his limbs to amuse the mob. No; let the acceleration and retardation of the time be such as to convey the idea of their being dictated by feeling. Nor ought these modifications, whether in a musical or in a poetical point of view, to be admitted, except in accordance with the tone and character of the passion expressed. In a duet, for instance, two characters which contrast with each other, will require a different mode of expression. Of this, the duet between Licinius and the High-Priest in the Vestale, may serve as an example; the greater the degree of dignified composure given to the passages in the part of the High-Priest, and of energy and passion to those of Licinius, proportionably the more striking will be the effect produced, and yet music has no marks or signs by which all this, important as it confessedly is, can be denoted.

'Such indications can be found only in the feelings of the performer, or of the director; if they exist not in one of the two, the metronome is unable to supply the want; all that this can do is, mechanically to prevent any gross mistakes. As to an attempt to denote all the delicate shades of feeling, and the consequent modifications necessary to give full effect to a performance, I have found every endeavour fruitless, and have desisted from the task as hopeless.

'Such indications as I can give, I send, not with any hope that they will satisfy the end you have in view, but in compliance with your friendly request.

'CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



## A WELCOME TO MISS HUGHES.

THEY sent us a story from Erin,  
And we fondly believed it was true,  
That never our beautiful sphere in  
Had appeared such a singer as you;  
We shrank from our Loves and our Graddons,  
And dismissed all the rest with our poohs,  
E'en Stephens and Paton seemed sad ones,  
And the Trees were outdone by Miss Hughes.  
The fall of Italian *primas*,  
Not a sigh could extract, or a tear;  
The one constant cry of the rhymers  
Was, when will this wonder be here?  
The star of the Douglas burnt dimly,  
Yet we grieved not its radiance to lose;  
What mattered, though critics frowned grimly,  
Our hearts were away with Miss Hughes!  
You came, and we flew in a hurry,  
To have our fond presages crowned;  
Oh, pity the fear and the flurry,  
In which every feeling was drowned!  
Away, we exclaimed in our rapture,  
With all but this child of the muse;  
Not one can *decisively* capture,  
Save the beautiful syren, Miss Hughes!  
Away with the Maras and Bantis,  
Don't mention to us Camporese;—  
Their renown but a parcel of cant is—  
And the taste that applauds them disease;  
And Ronzi, Grassini, and Fodor—  
Their tuning we also refuse;  
Catalani has got all we owed her,  
Our accounts now commence with Miss Hughes.  
Our shout had scarce ceased, when Mandane  
Stept in, and we welcomed Miss Hughes;  
But, alas! for ourselves and for many,—  
The puffers and those they abuse,—  
An enchantress turns out merely human,  
A songstress by no means divine;  
Though if her friends spare the poor woman,  
Perhaps she hereafter may shine.  
But, Miss Hughes, you must curb your ambition,  
Nor venture, at present, too far;  
Stale tricks, nor yet tasteless transition,  
Can ever proclaim you a star;—  
Labour'd effort or artifice never  
To harmonious victories lead;  
Therefore shun the abortive endeavour,  
And, in spite of your patrons, succeed.

## VARIETIES.

A new musical drama, called *Alfred the Great* was brought out at Covent Garden on Saturday last. It is showy but not remarkable for dramatic talent. Some slight opposition was manifested, but it has since undergone revision, and has been played several evenings.

*The Value of a Name.*—The novel, says the Morning Chronicle of Nov. 6, of Blue-Stocking Hall, which has just appeared, is understood to be the composition of a lady of great talents and eminent piety, whose name, were it permitted to be affixed to the work, would at once ensure its success and popularity. Faugh!—How these rank puffs 'stink i' the nose.'

M. M. Cloup and Pelissié, with their company of French performers, have joined Mr. Arnold, of the English Opera House, and have obtained a license for performing at that theatre three times a week, beginning from next January. It is said, that the most distinguished Parisian actors will be alternately introduced to the English public.

*American Inventions.*—The American journals give us a pompous account of an invention by a Mr. Michael Bury of New England,

for an agricultural implement, by which two horses and one man can dig up an acre of potatoes in an hour, through which a saving of ninety per cent in labour is calculated by the inventor. We are of opinion this American gentleman's 'invention' is nothing more than the single-horse double-breasted plough, which is well known in our best agricultural districts, and employed for hoeing as well as digging up potatoes.

On Wednesday, the 31st ult. an alarming fire broke out at the Théâtre Français, in Paris, which entirely destroyed the back part of it. The interior of the theatre escaped, but the actors' boxes and the glazed gallery are much injured.

It is asserted, that Miss Smithson has refused the hand of a young and fashionable Frenchman, who tendered her plenty of love and 60,000 francs per annum. The young lady thinks, it is said, that it is impossible to reckon much either on the affection or revenues of young French husbands.—*Furet.*

Davis Gilbert, Esq. M. P. has been elected president of the Royal Society, on the resignation of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart.

A general assembly of the Royal Academy of Arts was held on Monday last, when Mr. J. Chalon, and Mr. C. Eastlake, were elected associates, and Mr. R. J. Lane, associate engraver.

When Mr. Kean first appeared at Drury Lane, and excited the admiration of the metropolis by his great tragic powers, some one said to Banister, that he was an excellent harlequin,—'Yes,' replied he, 'he leaps wonderfully; he has already jumped over the heads of those who stood highest in the theatre.'

*Naphtha.*—Mr. J. Kecker, governor of the mines of Treiskawete, in Galicia, has found that naphtha burns much better than other oils in mines where bad air prevails, and is less injurious to the health of the workmen. Oil of colza and tallow are extinguished, where naphtha, petroleum, and oil of bone continue burning.

A native newspaper, in the Persian language, and entitled the Shems al Akhbar, having terminated its career, the editor issued the following address:—Be it known to all men, that from the time this paper, the Shems al Akhbar, was established by me to the present day, which is about five years, I have gained nothing by it except vexation and disappointment, notwithstanding what idle and ignorant babblers may please to assert. The inability of the public in the present day to appreciate desert, and their indifference to the exhausting and painful exertions made in their cause, verify the verse, 'I am consumed, and my flames have not been seen; like the lamps on a moonlight night, I have burnt away unheeded.' It is time, therefore, to desist, and withdraw my hand from all further concern with this paper; I have determined to repose on the couch of conclusion.

*Death Watch.*—The influence of superstition and ignorance is astonishingly great; as one proof, what dismay and uneasiness has not the watch-like ticking of this grub often excited among all descriptions of persons! and, indeed, as a writer in a certain periodical, remarks, 'That an insect almost invisible should, in regularity of time and distinctness of sound, imitate a machine which has employed so many hands in its construction, and composed of wheels and springs, with the utmost ingenuity, is above all ordinary comprehensions.'—It was only within a few years past that I considered these visitors as solitary and nightly disturbers;

since which, I have accidentally discovered that this is by no means the case. Having occasion to stretch a piece of silk-paper moistened with glue water, on a square frame, I was frequently surprised, at different hours of the day, by a noise similar to what we are accustomed to hear in a watch-maker's window, full of watches, and distinctly audible at five or six yards distance. I soon found that my frame was occupied as a drum, by numbers of these little grey vermin, not much larger than mites; and was thus enabled to identify the performers, and witness the harmlessness of their music; and I think it is more than probable, that could these little creatures oftener meet with a proper tympanum, we should much more frequently hear them, at certain seasons, when their little drumming, which no doubt only concerns their own social community, is constantly heard by their companions, though inaudible to us.

M. Despretz, has ascertained that when water is compressed by a force equal to twenty atmospheres, that 1-66th part of a degree of heat is evolved.—*R. I. Journal.*

## UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

CAMBRIDGE.—*Proctors appointed*:—Rev. J. Lodge, M.A., fellow of Magdalene, and the Rev. H. Kirby, M.A., fellow of Clarehall.

The Rev. T. Turton to the Regius Professorship of Divinity.

The Seatonian Prize for this year has been adjudged to the Rev. E. Smedley, M.A. of Sidney.—Subject, *The Marriage of Cana in Galilee.*

Meetings of the Cambridge Philosophical Society—Nov. 12, 26; Dec. 10.

The elevation of Dr. Murray to the episcopal bench vacates the bishopric of Sodor and Man, to which the Rev. J. B. Sumner, prebendary of Durham, is appointed.

## TO READERS &amp; CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all communications be addressed, 'For the Editor, Literary Chronicle Office, Surrey Street, Strand;' and not elsewhere. It has too frequently occurred that communications of much interest have not received immediate attention, in consequence of not being addressed as above.

We are obliged by several further communications on the subject of angling; but as we have allowed a fair hearing to both sides, and wish to diversify our columns as much as possible, we must put a period to a discussion, the appetite for which, among the controversialists, appears 'to grow with what it feeds upon.'

G. G. is capable of better things than the Serenade. The Unlucky Valet is not quite smart enough.

D. B. D. and H. I. will be inserted.

We cannot allow the *Ring of W. H.* to wed us to his verses.

\*\* In the Monthly and Quarterly Parts of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE no extra charge is made for the covering.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED:—*Romance of History*, 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.—*Hood's Whims and Oddities*, 2nd volume, 10s. 6d.—*Gesenius Hebrew and English Lexicon*, 8vo. £1. 5s.—*Green's Sketches of the War in Greece*, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—*The Keepsake*, £1. 1s.—*Tale of a Modern Genius*, 3 vols. £1. 4s.—*The Griffin*, a Burlesque Poem, with coloured plates, £1. 1s.—*Edmonds' Moral and Political Economy*, 8vo. 9s.—*Whitehall*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys*, 4 vols.—*Passes of the Alps*. Part IV. imp. 8vo. 16s.

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Nov. 2	45	51	43	29 91	Fair.
.... 3	42	47	45	30 05	Fair.
.... 4	47	52	47	.. 18	Fair.
.... 5	49	54	52	.. 36	Fair.
.... 6	54	53	52	.. 28	Cloudy.
.... 7	50	48	45	.. 19	Fog.
.... 8	45	47	47	.. 10	Fog.



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We must say a few words about the Bijou, and shall begin by admitting that its name is simply expressive of the volume to which it belongs. This present is its first appearance among the annuals, and whether we look to the exquisite style of its embellishments, or the high quality of its literary matter, we can have no hesitation in placing it far above all its competitors. We pronounce this unqualified encomium, in the perfect confidence that it will not be questioned by any one who has given but a cursory inspection to the finished excellence, in all respects, of the Bijou.—*Courier*, November 2.

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London published by G. Davidson, 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Sherwood and Co., Paternoster Row; Booker, 23, Fore Street; Sutherland, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co. Glasgow; by all Booksellers and Newsvenders; and at Paris, by M. Malher & Co., Libraires, Passage Dauphine.—Printed by Davidson, Serle's Place, Carey Street.